O my Father, thou that dwell-est in the high and glorious place, When shall I re-gain thy pres-ence and again be-hold thy face. in thy ho-ly hab-i-tation did my spi-rit once re-side? In my first pri-me-val child-hood, was I nur-tured near thy side?

For a wise and glo-rious pur-pose thou has placed me here on earth, And with-held the rec-ol-lec-tion of my fir-mer friends and birth, Yet oft times a sec-ret some-thing whis-pered

"You're a stran-ger here." And I felt that I had wan-dered from a more ex-alt-ed sphere.

I had learned to call thee Fa-ther, Thru thy Spir-it from on high, But, un-

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til the key of knowledge was restored I knew not why. in the heav’ns are parents single? No, the

thought makes reason stare! Truth is reason, Truth eternal tells me I’ve a mother there.

When I leave, this frail existence, When I lay this mortal by, Father Mother, may I meet you in your royal courts on

high? Then at length when I’ve completed all you sent me forth to do, With your mutual appro

bation, let me come and dwell with you. Let me come and dwell with you.

O My Father